

Dachau Glid

In Dachau, streak of cold wind through
dead trees and paint make flag and rhythm to
Nandor Glid with hot stones under feet spreading all
around as reminders and banners to what happened
long ago, once wrapped with silence til the end
which came as spiral move down so slow, and today
is felt
with “*Den Lebenden zur Mahnung*” on sculpture and memory and a walk
by past admin towers that crushed life
like soul of black light in a place coffee and
sausage once ran well for men and women on full days of moving the
deaths of shriveled bodies from impossible housing to
cremation chimneys across the
yard, and
now we hope for “*Never Again*” and know it’s a thing,
endless to guard and learn and live with old vile sunbeams
from hell
in ash and evil melted
like fallen stars, again.